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AT TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,
If Paid in Advance.

SALISBURY, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY 23, 1835.

Or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents,
After the expiration of 3 months.

Poetic Recession

SONG.

Give me old music—let me hear
The strains of days gone by;
Nor stay thy voice in kindly fear,
It to thy tones my falling tear
Should make a mute reply.
The songs that lulled me on the breast
To sleep away the noon,
Sing on—sing on!—I love them best;
There's witchery in the notes impressed
Of each familiar tune.
Give me old wine—its choicest store,
Drawn from the shady bin;
Our vineyards will produce no more
Such rare strong juice they gave of yore,
As sparkling lies within.
This was my grandeur's chief delight,
When the day's chase was o'er;
Fill high!—fill high!—its treasures bright
Should sparkle on our board to night,
Though we should drink no more.
Give me old Friends—the tried, the true,
Who launched their barks with me,
And all my joys and sorrows knew,
As chance's gales the pilgrims blew
Across a troubled sea.
Their memories are the same as mine;
Their love with life shall last;
Bring one, bring all, their smiles shall shine
Upon our old good song and wine,
Like sunbeams from the past.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

THE COMET OF 1835.

The following new observations upon the Comet of Halley, the return of which is announced for the month of November next, are extracted from a little work, recently published, on that subject, by M. Pontecoulant, one of the most eminent French astronomers of the day. It will be seen by them, how far the anticipations of the lovers of the marvellous are likely to be gratified. M. Pontecoulant says:

"Of all the Comets at present known, the most remarkable for its importance in the history of astronomy, is unquestionably that called the Comet of Halley, which appears at intervals of 72 or 76 years. The first appearance of this comet were marked by some extraordinary circumstances; since those periods, it has successively lost its alarming characteristics; its size has diminished—its light become greatly enfeebled—and at its last appearance, it had nothing in its appearance to distinguish it from an ordinary comet. The comet of Halley has been, for a long time, the only one of which the periodical returns were known. Our planetary system has received the addition, within a few years, of two new comets of the same species; but although they offer to the astronomer and geometrician some subjects of interesting research, the short duration of their period, the circumscribed space within which they are, so to speak, enclosed; the slight perturbations which they undergo, and which change but in a very trifling degree, the elements of the orbits, make them in effect, as to nearly all physical phenomena, nothing more or less to us than new planets. They do not, like the other comets, sweep beyond the known limits of our planetary system; they do not, after a near approach to the sun, retire to distances so vast as to confound the imagination; in a word, they do not possess those characteristics of grandeur and regularity which attract us, in spite of ourselves, to every thing which appears to overleap the ordinary course of nature.

"It is about the middle of November, 1835, that, according to every appearance, the passage of the comet through the point of its orbit nearest to the sun will take place. However, notwithstanding the certainty of the methods we have employed in our calculation, justifies the hope that the period of this passage cannot differ more than a few days, at the most, from that we have assigned to it, nothing positive in that respect can yet be affirmed; in fact, the great number of quantities which are necessarily neglected in this calculation—the corrections of which the planetary masses may still be susceptible—especially that of Uranus, which is but very imperfectly known—the resistance of a very rare medium which exercised an evident influence on the movement of the comet of 1819, and of which the effect must be to diminish the greater axis of the orbits of comets, and of consequence, the period of their revolution—all these circumstances may so concur as to disappoint our predictions; and to retard or advance the time fixed for the return of the comet to its perihelion."

The comet, according to the plan of its route which we present, will be visible throughout Europe, from the end of August, or the beginning of September, that is to say, about two months before it reaches its perihelion. Its position will be very favorable for making it appear with its greatest brilliancy. It will put the zenith of Paris on the third of October; it may then be distinguished by the naked vision—and will appear like a star of the first magnitude, though with a light a little more dim than that of the planets, and surrounded with a pale nebulosity, which will impair its brilliancy. Toward the end of November, the comet will disappear, become invisible in the rays of the sun, from which it will not emerge until about the end of December. It may then perhaps be again visible for some days; but as its distance from the sun will rapidly augment, it will soon be at such a point that we can no longer follow its track.

Such will be the physical appearance of the comet of 1759, at its approaching return, if nevertheless, the evaporation during the revolution it is just accomplishing, has not materially diminished the mass of matter which composes it—as has been remarked to have happened to other comets. We need not, then, expect, as we have already said, to see in 1835 one of those stars of horrible aspect,

as described on its first appearance (*horribilis aspectus*), and of a gigantic magnitude (*horrenda magnitudo*) which filled the world with consternation in the dark ages."

Thus, it appears, by this learned astronomer, instead of having a baleful comet with a tail reaching from pole to pole, that should eclipse the light of the moon, and quench all the stars,

—And from its horrid hair,
Shake pestilence and war!

and all the dire train of earthquakes, hurricanes, volcanoes, &c., which Lieut. Morrison has promised by way of interludes, this terrible comet of 1835 is to be as modest and well behaved a comet as has ever yet visited us. We are sorely disappointed at this result of our philosopher, as we have no doubt not a few of our readers will be. But, then, on the other hand, M. Pontecoulant gives us, in the sequel of his observations, considerable encouragement to expect, though not at a very early day, a downright *rencontre* between our planet and some unlucky comet. Now—take our words for it, and we do not speak without full consideration—whenever that happens, the comet—be it the comet of Halley, or that of Encke, or any other of the tribe—gets the worst of it that day! But, to speak seriously, we know that we encounter the authority of no less than LA PLACE himself, as well as M. Arago, and M. Pontecoulant, when we treat the idea as a ridiculous one. But let us ask, for a moment, what probability there is that any comet can come nearer such a catastrophe with regard to the earth, than that comet did with regard to the sun, which approached so near, that if it had kept on but on single half hour longer at the rate it was travelling, it would have fallen into the body of that luminary! And yet when it had approached so near, the comet was either repelled by the similar electric state of the sun, or its further course resisted by the density of the medium which surrounded that body even at that distance, and its direction consequently changed. But whatever may have been the cause, the fact seems to prove that all our speculations about such encounters of comets with planets or suns are entirely chimerical. It is indeed too much to say that no changes can take place in our system by the advent of a comet. It is a plausible conjecture enough that our moon was once a body of that description, and by venturing too near our earth, as arrested in its speed, thrown out of its proper orbit, and assumed the rank of a satellite to our planet. There is, however, another fact against this hypothesis, too well established by the observations upon a late comet, which actually "got entangled," to use the phrase the astronomers have applied to it, "among the satellites of Jupiter," and was by that means delayed about thirty days in its passage through its perihelion. Now if a comet thus retarded by the attraction of so large a planet as Jupiter, and thus "entangled" among his satellites, escaped after a slight delay and performed its revolution, we are led to the conclusion that there is some inherent quality in those bodies, which forbids the possibility of actual contact or any very near approach to any other heavenly body whatever, in our planetary system. We shall not undertake to speak so positively of what may happen among those fixed stars, as we call them, particularly those whose light has not yet had time to reach our globe in the since its creation!

From the United States Gazette.

We find the following story in a French paper, which we translate for the benefit of all who may feel an interest in such matters. We have somewhere met with a similar anecdote, but when or where we know not:

THE TWO MOTHERS.

Seumur is a most delicious place, with its little red and white houses, seated at the foot of a flower dressed hill, and divided by the Loire, which runs sportively through it, like a blue scarf on the neck of a beautiful girl. But alas! this new Eden, like all other cities, has its sad attendants on civilization—a prison and a sub-prefect—a literary society and a lunatic hospital—yes, a hospital for lunatics! Ascend the Loire by the left bank, and when you have arrived at the outskirts of the city, clamber by a steep path—you will soon arrive at the top of a pebbly hill, on the flanks of which are placed small cabins, furnished with great bars of wood.—It is there, while you are occupied with admiring, with all the powers of your soul, the beautiful country which stretches from Tour to Angers, the green and fertile fields, the rapid and majestic current which crosses and bathes the brilliant landscape, suddenly the cries of rage, and the laughter of stolidity will burst forth behind you, and call you to contemplate the spectacle which you have come to seek. Then you will renounce with pain the happiness of the contemplation; but you will renounce it, because it cannot be enjoyed beside such an accumulation of misery.

Look at that young man who is walking almost naked—the young man whose limbs are blackened by exposure to the sun, and whose feet are torn by rough pebbles in his pathway. He had taken holy orders—he was surprised by love—he went crazy—now he is stripped of his orders and his love—poor victim.

As I was wandering one day, in the midst of all this wreck of humanity, behind me was walking a young lady, accompanied by her husband, leading by the hand a pretty little girl, their child. She came, without doubt, like myself, to seek for strong and new emotions. We became strangely jaded with the excitement of a city.

I arrived, at the same moment with this lady, opposite a girl who had been led out of her cell into the court, and was fastened to the wall by an iron chain. Her large blue eye had so much sweetness, her pale face so many charms, and her long auburn hair fell with so much grace over her naked shoulders, that I looked at her with inexpressible pain. She appeared to have been weeping bitterly—how heavy, then, appeared that horrible iron chain which abraded here white delicate skin

I asked the lay sister, who acted as a guide to me, what had befallen the girl, that she was treated so rigorously? She answered me, lowering her eyes and blushing, "it is Mary, a poor girl from the city, who has loved too deeply. The fiend who tempted, abandoned her, and after two years, the child of her shame died. This last loss deprived her of reason, she was brought to this institution, and in consequence of sudden dangerous excesses of derangement, she is chained."

The good sister bowed, as if ashamed of referring to such a subject.

I stood lost in reflection upon the mutation of human affairs, as I gazed at the unfortunate being before me; when, suddenly, I saw her spring the whole length of her chain, seize the little child which the young lady held by the hand, press it closely to her breast, and rush back with the swiftness of an arrow to her stone bench.

The mother screamed frantically, and sprung towards the miserable lunatic, who drove her back with shocking brutality.

"It is my babe," cried Mary—"it is she indeed—God has restored her to me—oh, how good is God!"—and she leaped up with joy, and covered the child with kisses. The father attempted to seize his child by force, but the lay sister prevented him, and besought him to let Mary have her own way.

"It is not your daughter," said she kindly to Mary; "she does not resemble you in the least."

"Not my daughter!—good heavens, look—look, sister Martha—look at her mouth, her eyes—it is the very likeness of her father. She has come down from heaven. How pretty—how very pretty—she is my dear sweet daughter!"—and she pressed the child to her bosom, and rocked it like a nurse to still its cries.

It was, however, heart-rending to see the poor mother, who watched with anxiety every movement of the lunatic, and wept or smiled as Mary advanced towards, or retired from, sister Martha.

"Lend your daughter to me a moment, Mary, that I may see her," says the good sister.

"Lend her to you! O no, indeed—the first time the priests told me also that I should lend her for a little while to God, who desired such angels, and she was gone six months. I will not lend her again—no, no, I would rather kill her and keep her body!"—and she held up the child as if she would dash its head against the wall.

The mother, pale and inanimate, fell helpless upon her knees, and with bitter sobs supplicated the lunatic to give her back her child, and not to do it harm—Mary gave no heed to her; she was holding the infant, with her eyes bent intently upon its features.

The father, half distracted, had gone to seek the director of the institution.

It would have been difficult then, to say which was the really crazy one—the mother, who lay trembling in my arms, and calling aloud for her child, or Mary, who, with wild laughter, was presenting to the child her shrivelled breasts.

I was resolved not to shelve force, but to allow Mary to retire into her cell, and when she was sleep to take away the child.

Once in her cell, Mary laid the child at the foot of the bed, pressed down the mattress, and disposed the clothes into the form of a cradle—while the real mother, with her face pressed against the gratings of the cell, watched in the twilight of the place, with haggard and streaming eyes, every motion of the lunatic.

Mary carefully disposed the child in its new made bed, hushed it, and sung little nursery songs, with a wild and fitful voice, and then fell asleep beside the infant.

The nurse immediately entered the cell, on tip-toe, snatched up the child, and restored it to its mother's arms, who screamed with joy, and fled away with her precious burthen. The cry of the mother awakened Mary—she felt beside her in vain for the child—she ran to the grating, and shook it with a powerful arm—she saw the child born from her; she uttered a wild discordant cry, and fell her whole length upon the floor—she was dead—twice was too much.

From the Recollections of a Housekeeper.

A STRUGGLE FOR POWER.

He reprimands, by glancing with his eye—And she inflicts her soft reproach—a sigh. That's all—and that's enough for man and wife; Did you expect an land of strife?

Why need invective to make error smart, When looks and signs as deeply touch the heart?"

I must not omit to introduce at this period a department of my establishment which, though humble in itself, wrought important effects on my after happiness.

I carried with me from my mother's house a cat, which was so beautiful that I named her Fairy, in honour of the damsel who was changed to Grial-kin in the old romance. If I had a prejudice, it was in favor of cats and against dogs; this was unfortunate, for soon after the marriage I was introduced to a mastiff of Edward's nearly as large as myself. I had often heard him speak of this dog, and praise the faithfulness with which he guarded the office. I was too busy in other interests to think much of Growler for some time. I only observed, that on his occasional visits (for the office was his headquarters) Fairy's back rose indignantly, and I felt mine disposed to mount too. At length, Growler finding the house so comfortable, came home at night with his master, and daringly laid his unwieldy form on the centre of the hearth-rug, while Fairy, routed from her luxurious station, stood upon her dignity, hissing and sputtering in one corner.

For a long period, a single look from me would make Edward banish Growler from the room; but a present of a new office-dog from a friend completely established him at home, and my husband became accustomed to my look and Growler's presence. When he grew indifferent, my ire was roused. I affirmed, that of all created things dogs were the dirtiest—that the house was filled with fleas—that my visitors never could approach the fire—that

Growler ate us out of house and home—and if he was to be indulged in tracking the Wilton carpet and painted floors, we had better live in a wigwam.

Edward sometimes gently excused his dog, sometimes defended him, and always turned him out of doors. The animal, knowing he had an enemy in the cabinet, would sneak in with a coward look, his tail between his legs, but invariably succeeded in ensconcing himself on Fairy's rightful domain.

At length I became quite nervous about him. It seemed to me that he haunted me like a ghost. I was even jealous of Edward's caresses to him, and looked and spoke as no good wife should look or speak to her husband.

It is from permitting such trifles to gain the ascendancy over the mind that most comical discord proceeds. We dwell on some little peculiarity in manner or taste, opposed to our own, and jar the rich harp of domestic happiness until, one by one, every string is broken. I might have gone on in this foolish ingenuity in unhappiness, and perhaps, have been among those whose matrimonial bands are chains, not garlands, had I not, when reading one Sabbath morning the fifth chapter of Ephesians, been struck with a sudden sense of my duty, as I met the words "and the wife see that she reverence her husband."

Oh, young and lovely bride, watch well the first moments when your will conflicts with his to whom God and society have given the control. Reverence his wishes, even when you do not his opinions.

Opportunities enough will arise for the expression of your independence, to which he will gladly accede, without a contest for trifles. The beautiful independence that soars over and conquers an irritable temper is higher than any other. So surely as you believe faults of temper are beneath prayer and self-examination, you are on dangerous ground; a fountain will spring up on your household hearth of bitter and troubled waters.

When this conviction came over me, I threw myself on my knees, and prayed to God for a gentle, submissive temper. After long and earnest inquiry into my own heart, I left my chamber calm and happy. Edward was reading, and Growler stood beside him. I approached them softly, and patting the dog's head, said, "So, Growler, helping your master to read?" Edward looked at me inquiringly. I am sure my whole expression of face was changed; he drew me to him in silence, and gave me a token of regard he never bestowed on Growler. From that moment, though I might wince a little at his inroads on my neat housekeeping, I never gave the dog an angry word, and I taught Fairy to regard him as one of the lords of creation.

Growler's intelligence was remarkable, although it did not equal that of Sir Walter Scott's bull-dog terrier, Camp, who could perceive the meaning of words, and who understood an allusion to an offence he had committed against the baker, for which he had been punished. In whatever voice and tone it was mentioned, he would get up and retire into the darkest part of the room with an air of distress.—But, if you said "The baker was not hurt after all," Camp came forth from his hiding-place, capered, barked, and rejoiced. Growler, however, had many of those properties of observation which raise the canine race so high in the affections of man.

When Edward made his forenoon *sortie* from the office to look at his sleeping boy, Growler always accompanied him, and rested his fore-paws on the head of the cradle. As the babe grew older, he loved to try experiments upon the dog's sagacity and the child's courage.

Sometimes Fred was put into a basket, and Growler drew him carefully about the room with a string between his teeth; as the boy advanced in strength, he was seated on the dog's back with a whip in his hand. When my attachment to Growler increased, new experiments were made, particularly after the birth of Martha. She was an exquisite little infant, and it seemed to us that the dog was more gentle and tender in his movements with her than with Frederick. When two months old, Edward sometimes arranged a shawl carefully about her, tied it strongly, and putting the knot between the dog's teeth, sent her across the room to me. No mother ever carried a child more skillfully. Of course all these associations attached him to the infant, and after a while he deserted the rug, where Fairy again established herself, and laid himself down to sleep by the infant's cradle.

There is nothing more picturesque than the image of an infant and a large dog. Every one has felt it. The little plump hand looks smaller and whiter in his rough hair, and the round dimpled cheek rests on his shaggy coat like a flower on a rock.

Edward and I and Frederick rode one afternoon to Roxbury to take tea with a friend. Our woman in the kitchen wished to pass the night with a sick person, after the evening lecture, and I felt no hesitation in leaving Martha to Polly's care. We were prevented, by an accidental delay, from returning until ten o'clock. The ride over the neck, although it was fine sleighing, appeared uncommonly long, for I had never been so far and so long from my infant. The wind was sharp and frosty, but my attention was beguiled by sheltering Frederick with my furs, who soon fell asleep, singing his own little lullaby. As we entered the Square we perceived that the neighboring houses were closed for the night, and no light visible, but a universal brilliancy through the crevices of our parlour shutters.—Our hearts misgave us. I uttered an involuntary cry, and Edward said, that "a common fire light could not produce such an effect." He urged his horse—we reached the house—I sprang from the sleigh to the door. It was fastened. We knocked with violence. There was no answer. We looked through a small aperture, and both screamed in agony—"fire!"

In vain Edward attempted to wrench the bolt or burst the door, that horrible light still gleaming on us. We flew to the side-door, and I then recollected that a window was usually left open in that quarter, in a room which communicated with the parlour, for the smoke to escape when the wind prevailed in the quarter it had done this day. The

window was open, and as Edward threw down logs that we might reach it, we heard a stifled howl.—We mounted the logs, and could just raise our heads to the window. Oh, heavens! what were our emotions, as we saw Growler, with his fore-paws stationed on the window, holding Martha safely with her night-dress between his teeth, ready to spring at the last extremity, and suspending the little cherub so carefully that she thought it but one of his accustomed gambols! With a little effort Edward reached the child, and Growler, springing to the ground, fawned and grovelled at our feet.

Edward alarmed the neighborhood and entered the window. Poor Polly had fainted in the entry from the close atmosphere and excess of terror.—She could give no account of the origin of the fire, unless she had dropped a spark on the window-curtain. The moment a blaze appeared she endeavored to extinguish it; "but," said she, "the flames ran like wild-fire; and when I found I could do nothing I snatched Martha from the cradle, and ran into the entry to go out by the back door; after that I recollect nothing."

With prodigious efforts the house was saved, though with a great loss of furniture. But what were pecuniary losses that night to us? We were sheltered by a hospitable neighbor, our little cherub was clasped in our arms, amid smiles and tears;—and Growler, our good Growler, with a whimpering dream, lay sleeping at our feet.

From the New York Advertiser.

We take, from the Report of the trial of Matthias, as published in the Courier and Enquirer, the following testimony of one of his deluded victims. It could scarcely have been believed, that in this age of the world, such fanaticism as is here exhibited, should have operated upon the mind of a virtuous, well educated, and sensible woman.

TRIAL OF MATTHIAS.

Mrs. Ann Folger.—I am the wife of Benjamin H. Folger. In July, and August, of last summer I lived in New York and Sing Sing. I arrived at the latter place on the Saturday previous to Mr. Pierson's sickness; he was taken ill on Tuesday: Matthias, Mr. Pierson, Isabella, the black servant, Mr. Folger, Catharine Galaway, Lewis Bassil, the coachman, a hired Dutchman, who could not speak English, Miss Pierson, two sons of Matthias, James and John, a daughter of Mrs. Galaway, two children of my own, the eldest 11 years of age, the youngest 6, and myself, were all there at that time. I first heard of him and received his doctrines through Mr. Pierson, who was a confirmed believer in them as ever was. I also became a believer in his doctrines, and became established and confirmed in them. My husband, also, became a believer in them, but was more disposed to doubt than Mr. Pierson or myself. And, so far as I could judge, Catharine Galaway believed in them and acted as a believer. Towards his believers, he stood in the doctrinal relation of a father—he was our father. We considered him as God the Father, possessing the Holy Ghost, and the power of bestowing it on others, the power also, of executing wrath on whom he would. We regarded him as the last trumpet, answering to all the angels of wrath spoken of in the Revelations; that is the executing angels. We indeed thought he did cast evil spirits out of us.—We were to obey all his commands, and we showed our obedience to him in all things. We looked to him for directions how to act, and he would tell us the Spirit would direct us, which we considered he had a right to command. He had the command of all things in the house. I would sometimes go to him to direct us, and he sometimes had occasion to reprimand us, and tell us we had not his spirit, but a spirit which did not please him, which he would cast out. He would sometimes be very violent in his manner, of which we had a small specimen yesterday in court. His anger would last a long time, and become very tedious, and he would curse us awfully, and threaten us, until we considered ourselves lost creatures unless he saved us. Our obedience extended to all the temporal affairs of the house, and he told us we stood responsible to him for every thing. He claimed the house in which he lived, and he always called it "my house."

Q. Do you know of any difficulty between him and Mr. Pierson, shortly before his death? A. Yes, sir, the ill will commenced when Matthias went away from Sing Sing to New York. Shortly before Mr. Pierson's death I heard them conversing, and know that he censured him for some things—some mismanagement in tilling the ground. He claimed the first fruits of every thing—the fruits of the field and of the garden—and he would not use them until he came back, if he went from home.—He claimed the first of every thing on the table—the chickens and every thing. There was a coach and span of horses exclusively his. I remember the circumstance mentioned by Mr. Bishop, this morning, about Mr. Pierson and Matthias going out with horses.

They let their horses drink at the brook; and Mr. Pierson's horse wanted to lie down, and did so; but Mr. Pierson escaped, from a dry piece of land which was in the middle of the brook. Mr. Pierson died between 1 and 2 o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 6th of August. On Monday afternoon, one week before his death, Matthias went into the fields with his youngest son to pick blackberries, and brought some home, which were prepared for supper by Isabella. He took supper that night by candle-light. Matthias was there about an hour previous. Mr. Pierson, Matthias, myself, and Catharine, were at supper together. The reason why supper was so late, was because it was haying time, and we waited for Mr. Pierson to come in.

Matthias helped Mr. Pierson to some blackberries, a small butter or tea plate full. Catharine had some also; but I eat only two berries. Matthias eat none. He had been preaching at the table some time, and I said—"Father, you have eaten no blackberries," and I then discovered there was no plate before him, although one was a little on one side. I said—"Father, you have no plate," and he said, "The Father is not honored here, though his sons were, and the daughters would dress themselves, and therefore he had lost his (Matthias's)

[illegible]

He told Lewis to hold a sheet on each side of his mouth, while he gave Fieroon the water—he had held all day with his mouth open. An Matthias poured the water into Fieroon's mouth, he made a murmuring noise—the pitcher was held a good distance from his mouth; Fieroon was lying down on the bed on the floor—Matthias stood up pouring the water down his throat. I walked away from the sound of the noise—the family retired, and Fieroon was left alone.

I hid myself down about 1 or 2 o'clock; the noise ceased. Matthias went out of his room and held a candle to Fieroon and looked at him—he then came out and said to me, "he is dead!"

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.
NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

We do say, my friend, we do not believe, that Mr. Kendall is incompetent to the discharge of the duties of a Postmaster-General, so far as an talent is concerned. He is, without question, not only a man of ability, but a man of industry and business habits, well calculated for the details of the department—were he honest, and were he able to carry into it a respectable character—were it in his nature to be any thing but a bitter and malignant partizan; an unprincipled grovelling intriguer; a sinister and sneaking demagogue—in short, to be any thing but Anna Kendall! For such a man to be selected by an American President as an official counsellor, as a member of his upper Cabinet, and to be placed in control of the whole internal intercourse of the country, is a point of degradation never before reached, even by Gen. Jackson; and it is as mortifying to American feeling as it is alarming to every well wisher of our republican system. One of the departments of our government, we ought to be little dealt with the foreigners who argue against its stability, and prophesy the failure of the "experiment" of a free republic. We have said that we doubt not the ability of Mr. Kendall to do the duties of the General Post Office. We do not; but who that knows the man is not perfectly satisfied that he will make that office one vast electioneering machine! Who does not know that he has been placed there for that purpose?

We incline we are to credit the statement of the Washington Telegraph, the friends of the Vice President do not hesitate to avow it—for that paper tells us that, upon the appointment being announced to a member of the kitchen fraternity, he replied: "Nec Mr. Van Buren will be President. There is no mistake about it—Amos Kendall has taken charge of the Post Office with the express understanding that it is to be used as the instrument for carrying into effect the royal will, the Martin Van Buren should succeed to the Presidency; and all its operations will be bent to that behoof." The General Post Office, with its tremendous patronage, and its host of dependents—its army of fifty thousand Postmasters, its contractors, sub-contractors, printers, purveyors of paper, twine, etc., etc., will all be made subservient to the vile purpose of the vilest political party that ever obtained possession of a government professing to be free. The funds, the favor, and the favors of the department will be brought to bear upon the question of the Presidency, and every qualification of the Post Office, serving as there qualification do, every corner of the country, will be made yield its share of effort to promote the President's "performance" of his necessary. Instead of Mr. May's exuberant courtesy of disposition, and generous liberality of application and care, we shall have

The appointment, however, is made, and Amos Kendall is, to all intents and purposes, our Postmaster-General until the end of the next session of Congress. The primary system is uppermost.—The kitchen models are called into the parlour, and the upper inmates must submit to the contact, as best they may. If they see fit to soil their court clothes by rubbing against the suit with which they are jostled, it is no concern of ours, exactly. If the few remaining members of the Cabinet, who are respectable, choose to remain in office with such a man as Kendall acting as Premier—and Premier he will be, past all doubt—they will certainly have no one to blame but themselves.

THE ABOLITIONISTS.

We invite the attention of the reader to the following extracts:

1. They maintain, that Slavery, which consists in holding and treating human beings as property, is, in all circumstances, altogether sinful; that it is a heinous and aggravated crime, for which there is, and can be no more excuse than for robbery and murder. Hence

3. They maintain, that the people of color have a right to a home in this country; that such of them as possess the qualifications which are demanded of others, ought to be admitted forthwith to the enjoyment of the same privileges, and the ex-

Look in yonder field! See that human being, of whose countenance is depicted sullenness and despair. He has dropped the implement of labor by his side, and stands in idle indifference. Now see the last flourishing over his head and filling up his mangled body, while he bleeds afresh at every stroke! He begins to work, but every motion betrays an agitated and despairing mind. The whip at length counts its strokes, and again the implement of labor falls to the ground! Need I tell you, that man is a slave?

It is said, they are exciting the Free States on a subject which does not concern them. And is true, that the People of the Free States have no concern with slavery? Suppose the slaves should universally rebel against their masters, and seek re-

that the slaves will always remain peaceable, and submit to their fate? Let us not delude ourselves with such a hope. Unless they are voluntarily emancipated, the day of retribution will come! In all the anguish of hope deferred, they will make such an effort to secure their rights as will baff

I maintain that, so far from having nothing to do with slavery, the Free States are under the most solemn obligations to seek its removal, by united and persevering exertion. The groans of the o-

It is said, that Anti-Slavery Societies are interfering with the rights of Slave-holders—rights guaranteed by the Constitution. But we deny that the framers of the Constitution could confer the right of holding slaves. What authority had the framers of that instrument to nullify the laws of Jehovah? Hath God said, "Whoso stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, he shall surely be put to death;" and have men the right to enter into a compact which binds them to protect each other in stealing men, women, and children? We say with PIERCE, "A legislative contract for the countenance of slavery must have been void, even from the beginning; for it is an outrage upon justice, and only another name for fraud, robbery, and murder. As well might an individual think himself bound by a promise to commit an assassination." Others may talk of the rights of slave-holders to their victims; but with the eloquent BROOKHAM, I deny the

From the Boston Atlas.
A CABINET SCENE.

hero, and with Proclamation
and in gilt frames

Amos.—May it please your Majesty, I have no claim to this distinguished honor, except a due sense of your immortal glory, and a devotion without bounds to your illustrious person!

Amos.—Illustrious man! To have served under you is indeed sufficient glory for my aspirations—but to have received your confidence and kindness is more than I could once have dared aspire to!—Conqueror of Napoleon's conquerors! Illustrious and immortal Hero of New Orleans! Among the brave the bravest—History will record you as the wisest among the wise.

Amos.—I am afraid, may it please your Majesty that some of the Cabinet may not be disposed to think all that they should think of my appointment.

Hero.—Why, Amos, you know very well that my Cabinet's a Unit ; that is, Amos, they all think as I do, and as soon as they leave off thinking as I want to have them, then they have permission to retire.

Amos.—That is precisely what troubles me, may it please your Majesty. Now as for Dickerson—it is all well enough. He's a single man, and single men need not be so particular about their associates. Besides, may it please your Majesty, we understand each other about Dickerson.

Amos.—Why, between ourselves, since your Majesty has been pleased to say so, I don't know but that your Majesty is more than half right. But—
Hero.—Why, it isn't Woodbury you're afraid of. Woodbury would not dare to say his soul is his own without my permission. Woodbury would be ver-

Amos.—I know, please your Majesty, Mr. Woodbury enters the most exalted—

Hero.—Why, Amos, I'm sure of it. It is now four and twenty hours since he told me that he really thought there was no battle of the present century to be compared with the battle of New Orleans—and that a man who could display such signs of terrific and tremendous courage as I shew upon this eventful day, would live in history, poetry, painting and sculpture—when Neepser, and Orion, and Arrows, and all the other great Generals of the middle ages would be lost in oblivion. Benton told me

Hero.—And like the sun, dispensing light and heat to the republic. But is it Case that you're afraid of?

Hero.—Who is it then? Is it that cursed sneering devil from Georgia, who wanted "to have the skinning of me?" Is he the man, Amos? I have never forgotten that of him, Amos. Skin me?—would he! Amos, Amos, that man Forsyth ought to be hung up along side of Daniel Webster.

Hero.—No matter how he treated you, Amos. No matter. Are you a Hero of New Orleans?—Are you the Conqueror of Napoleon's Conquerors? But how did he treat me, Amos, me! He wanted to *skin me*, Amos, alive, I suppose—and I've no notion that there is any thing very pleasant or affectionate in desiring to skin me alive!

in his pocket. 'There's no love lost between us.—It was only a fair business transaction. Services rendered; bill on time—and paid at maturity!—Why, Amos, between ourselves, I hate Forsyth worse than I do Benton.

est statesman in the country : and, excepting myself, I don't know any other man who could have written my Protest. Do you know, Amos, I think that is the best specimen of my prose style? It beats my Proclamation all hollow. I wrote it one day

after dinner between my nap and tea time. I never composed with such wonderful rapidity in all my life. But, Amos, Forsyth is no such man as you and I are! He can't hold a candle to us, the real picturesque and rhetorical. He's more of a gentleman than you, Amos—a good deal—and a much better speaker—rather an elegant man, Amos, but as proud as Lucifer, Amos, and despises you from the bottom of his heart. I fear we shall have trouble; and, Amos, if we do, I'll make a general promotion in the Kitchen Cabinet. You shall be Secretary of State—Reuben Whitney of Canada memory, the rogue—shall be Postmaster—and Lewis shall take Cass's place. Blair shall be Secretary of the Navy—and I'll blow all the present Cabinet to the Devil. Come along Amos

(Exeunt.)

THE TERRITORY OF ARKANSAS

We are gratified in observing the rapid advancement and growing importance of this Territory. Lands are increasing in value, and a tide of emigration is pouring in upon us, bidding fair to entitle us soon to the rank of a State. The unfavorable impressions which our brethren of the States have entertained, concerning the country and its inhabitants, are rapidly wearing away; and the great resources of the Territory are becoming known. It is certain that there is not a State or Territory in our whole land which can compete with Arkansas in the extent and value of its mineral productions. Zinc is abundant in many parts of it—Cobalt is found at the Hot Springs—and there is no doubt that Gold is to be found in the mountainous regions of the Territory. Tin will probably become the most valuable mineral export—of which there is a mine on the Cossitot. It is a metal which is found in but few places, and will be much more valuable than a mine of gold or silver.

We were highly gratified, a short time since during a hasty trip to the Hot Springs sixty miles to the South of this place. The road to that place is well settled, and the country much more improved than we had imagined. The Hot Springs will hereafter be the most valuable watering place in the United States, and the great place of fashionable resort for the South and West. The place which bears that name is a narrow valley between two ridges; and the Hot Springs break out from under the eastern ridge, in some twenty small rills and springs, close to a clear running branch of cold and pleasant water. The water of the Hot Springs is hot enough to boil an egg; and whether hot, or when cooled, it is pleasant to the taste, resembling lime water. It deposits a sediment, composed probably in part, of lime, which soon hardens into

In all chronic diseases and bilious attacks, these waters are of great use. Bath houses and sweating houses are already built, and experience is daily showing the value of these waters. Fifteen miles on this side of the spring, in what is called the Magnesian Cove, are a number of fine sulphur and chalybeate springs, which are found to have a beneficial effect.

The only cause which prevents the improvement of the Hot Springs, is the fact, that the place and country thereabouts has not been surveyed, owing to a large quantity of the natural magnet, in Magnet Cove, which affected the compass, and to this further fact that the pre-emption right to the Hot Springs is in dispute and unsettled. Great quantities of fine white quartz (or rock crystal) are found on the heads of the Washita, and brought to the Hot Springs, and oil stones abound at the latter place equal in value and excellence to Turdey oil stones, and a citizen of that place is now erecting a machine for working them.

THE Subscriber, having purchased of Leonard and Bryden the Patent for E. H. Porter's Improved STRAW CUTTER, for the Counties

Rowan and Davidson, takes this method of informing the citizens of those Counties generally, that he is now preparing materials, and expects to make a number of these Machines. All persons wishing to purchase an article of the kind, would do well to call at the Mansion Hotel in Salisbury, at Clemmonsville in Davidson County, where they can see the subscriber lives, and examine the machines for themselves. All orders from persons wishing to purchase machines will receive immediate attention.

JAMES BOUGH.

Clemmonsville, May 23, 1835. —p6—

